

Starcourt Official by JoMo3

Series: [More or Less Mileven Week \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Robin (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

“Why do we have to make it official?”

“I don’t know, it’s just something people do, I guess.”

Mike decides to ask Eleven to be his girlfriend.

Starcourt Official

Author's Note:

So I wanted to participate in Mileven Week but I didn't know that there are *themes*. (Although you'd think after seeing 5 stories called "long distance" I'd get the hint). This story doesn't fit into the long distance (day 1) or fate (day 2) theme, but it is Mileven-centric, if that counts.

It was opening day at Starcourt Mall, and the building was full of life. It seemed as if almost every resident of the small town of Hawkins was in the building, seeing what it had to offer.

One such resident-Steve Harrington-was working his first day at *Scoops Ahoy!* and was seriously considering the life choices he'd made. In desperate need of a summer job, he'd applied for one when the mall first began hiring, and ended up...here. Sure, the pay wasn't too bad, but the money wasn't enough to ignore the snickering he'd get from the high-schoolers. Even worse was the laughter from people he'd gone to Hawkins High with. Ugh.

He was enjoying a brief lull in the busy day when a familiar sound-*that snickering again* -woke him from his pity party.

"Hello," he said, turning to face the counter. "Welcome to...ah, shit."

Across from him were six teenagers he'd come to know: Dustin, Lucas, Max (random girl), Will, Mike, and...that girl Mike hugged a few months back, Steve couldn't remember her name. Only that the two seemed to be attached at the hip.

"What do you little shitheads want?" Steve asked, earning him a look from his coworker Robin, a few feet away.

"Why, *Steve* ," the redhead, Max, said. "I hardly doubt that the fine folks at *Scoops Ahoy* would appreciate you greeting customers like that."

“Yeah, is there a manager or someone we could talk to?” Lucas asked.

“Really?” Steve asked, leaning on the counter. “You’re gonna try and get me fired on my first day?”

“We’d be doing you a favor,” Dustin said, tugging on the neckerchief Steve wore. “You look ridiculous.”

Snatching it back, Steve sighed and said “It’s the only job I could find, you morons. Now what do you want?”

“Cookie dough, my good sir,” Dustin said.

“Chocolate,” Lucas said.

“Butter pecan,” Max said after looking over the choices.

“Ew, butter pecan?” Lucas asked.

Max shrugged. “What?”

Ignoring them, Steve looked over their shoulders to Will. “What about you, Byers, what’re you having?”

“Vanilla, I guess,” Will answered.

Steve scooped, and glanced up at the last two, Mike and the girl. The girl was looking, wide-eyed, at the choices before her while Mike seemed to be waiting quietly for her.

“How about you, Wheeler? You ready?”

“Not yet,” Mike answered, then turned to the girl, saying something to her.

“It’s just ice cream, El,” Will said to the girl as he paid for his cone. “Pretty much all of it is good.”

“Except butter pecan,” Lucas muttered under his breath as he took a bite of his ice cream.

“I heard that, stalker.”

"I wasn't trying to *hide* it," Lucas said back, putting a five dollar bill on the counter, paying for he and Max's.

"I assume I get some sort of discount," Dustin said to Steve.

"Not happening," Steve said, waving his scooper dismissively.

By the time Dustin had paid, the kids had found a table to enjoy their ice cream; well, not all the kids. Mike and the girl (*El* , he remembered Will saying) had finally made their way to the counter.

"Mint chocolate chip," Mike said.

"Coming right up," Steve said. Looking to El, he asked "What about you?"

"Um...strawberry," she said.

Steve nodded. "Cones or cups?"

"Cup."

"Cone."

The two kids looked at each other and giggled at answering at the same time. Rolling his eyes, Steve said "Ha ha, yeah, that's cute. Now who wants what?"

So the mint chocolate went into a cup, while the strawberry went onto a cone. When it came time to pay, Steve watched El take some dollars from her pocket, but Mike waved her off, saying "No, I've got it, El."

"Thanks," she said shyly.

As she went to join their friends, Steve grinned. "Look at you, Wheeler. Spending a whole two dollars on your girlfriend."

"She's not my girlfriend," he said back quietly.

"Really?" Steve asked, handing him back his change. "I watched you two, like, hug onto each other like there was no tomorrow back in

November. You're telling me you aren't dating?"

"No, we are...sort of...but it's...it's complicated."

Steve shook his head in disbelief. "Sounds like to me she's your girlfriend. Make up your mind, man."

As Mike went to join his friends, Steve's words stayed with him. Why *hadn't* he asked El to be his girlfriend by now? Anybody from the outside looking in would say they already were. They went on (sort of) dates, they held hands, and they kissed on an almost-regular basis. So why not make it official?

"I just don't get how you can like butter pecan," Lucas was saying as Mike took a seat next to El.

"How are you just noticing this *now*?" Max shot back.

"So where are we going next?" Dustin asked. "Do we want to stay here and mess with Steve some more?"

"I want to go to Sam Goody," Max said. "See what they've got."

"What about the arcade?" Will asked.

"Or we can just walk around," Mike suggested. Turning to the girl next to him, he asked, "What do you think, El?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'd like to walk around." To Max, she added "But I would like to go to Sam Goody."

"Well, then, it's settled," Max said. "The girls can go to the music store, and the guys can go to the arcade."

The group more or less agreed as they continued to work on their ice cream.

"Want some?" Eleven asked Mike after a minute, holding up her cone.

“Sure.” He leaned over and took a lick. “I like mine better,” he said when he pulled away.

Eleven made a face. “It’s too minty.”

“Better too minty than too strawberry-y,” he said, stumbling over his words and causing El to giggle at him. She touched her cone to his nose, leaving a dab of pink ice cream there.

“Knucklehead.”

“Are you two done being adorable?” Max asked. “Because we’ve got places to go.”

Those who were finished (Lucas, Mike, Dustin) tossed their scraps, while Max, El, and Will carried their ice cream as the group left the food court and headed back towards the mall. Dustin gave Steve a wave as they left.

The group splintered off, boys going one way and girls going another, with Max and El promising to join them soon. Once in the arcade, the boys walked around, wide-eyed, staring at the consoles until finally stopping in front of an empty Galaga.

“Well,” Dustin said, cracking his knuckles, “Time to get the high score.”

The others watched for a while, until Lucas noticed Mike being a bit quieter than usual. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing,” Mike said. “But...” a little quieter, he asked “Do you think it’s weird that I haven’t asked El to be my girlfriend yet?”

“Uh, *yeah*,” Lucas said with a grin. “You guys are already practically boyfriend and girlfriend, why not just ask her already?”

Mike shrugged his shoulders as he thought about that. In truth, he didn’t think what he and El had needed a label. He cared about her and he knew she cared about him. Wasn’t that enough?

Still, he thought, it would be nice to *officially* call El his girlfriend.

The girls eventually joined them, with both of them holding a small bag with new cassette tapes to listen to later. The group then decided to move on to see what else there was in the mall. Mike, however, had different plans.

Taking Eleven's hand in his, he called to his friends "We'll catch up with you!" as he pulled a confused El away.

"Mike?" she asked.

He pulled her near the mall's small fountain, and the two sat down as their friends continued on their journey. "I, uh...I wanted to ask you something."

"Okay..." she said, perplexed.

"And you don't...you don't have to say yes, I just...wanted to ask."

"Mike..." she smiled, touching his cheek.

He closed his eyes, took a breath, and then opened them. "Will you be my girlfriend?"

Eleven paused for a moment, causing Mike's heart to drop. He was surprised, though, when she looked confused. "I thought I already was."

Now it was Mike's turn to be confused. "You...you did?"

El nodded slowly. Squeezing Mike's hand, she said "We hold hands. We date. We kiss." Her eyes scanned his face as a frown came to hers. "I'm not your girlfriend?"

Mike shook his head, taking El's other hand. "No, you are, El. Well, I mean.... I think you are. It's just...we never made it official or anything."

She scrunched her eyebrows. "Why do we have to make it official?"

"I don't know, it's just something people do, I guess."

“Oh.” She shrugged her shoulders. “But...you thought I was your girlfriend?” she asked with a smile.

Mike felt color come to his cheeks as he nodded his head. “El, there’s no one else I would want to be my girlfriend but you.”

She smiled, and kissed his rose-tinted cheek. “Then, yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Mike Wheeler, I will be your girlfriend.”

Mike smiled, and pulled her close quickly, eliciting an excited yelp from El. “And can I be your boyfriend?” he asked.

Her forehead on his, she nodded.

They both leaned in, their lips meeting in the middle for a moment before they pulled away. “Do you wanna meet up with the party?” Mike asked.

El smiled, but shook her head. “Let’s walk around.”

“Just you and me?”

She nodded.

So, hand in hand, the two continued on, looking to see what else the Starcourt Mall had to offer. The town would remember that day for it being the opening of the mall; Mike and El, however, would remember it as the day they finally made things official.

Author's Note:

I'm trying to churn out a couple more stories before Mileven Week is over; a short one on long distance and possibly two more using some of the other themes. Pls let me know what you thought in a comment!